

Production No. 3F11

The Simpsons

"SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN SPRINGFIELD"

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FINAL 1

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"SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN SPRINGFIELD"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
 BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
 BUMBLEBEE MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 TV.....HARRY SHEARER
 SALESMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
 SLACK-JAWED YOKEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 YOKEL'S COMMON-LAW WIFE.TRESS MACNEILLE
 APU.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 EVELYN.....TRESS MACNEILLE
 MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
 GUARD.....HARRY SHEARER
 SIMPSONS.....DAN CASTELLANETA/
JULIE KAVNER/
NANCY CARTWRIGHT
YEARDLEY SMITH
 KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 WOMEN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL/
PAMELA HAYDEN/
TRESS MACNEILLE
 DOROTHY PARKER-ISH
 SOCIALITE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 PATRICIA.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

ROBERTA.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
MRS. BROCKMAN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
BRITTANY BROCKMAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
BROCKMAN'S FIRST WIFE...TRESS MACNEILLE
MARGE'S BRAIN.....JULIE KAVNER
ARNOLD PALMER.....HARRY SHEARER
CARL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
SALESLADY.....TRESS MACNEILLE

"SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN SPRINGFIELD"

by

Jennifer Crittenden

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON TV - BUMBLEBEE MAN'S APARTMENT

SCENE 1

BUMBLEBEE MAN has an old-timey toothache bandage tied around his head. He eagerly picks up an oversized piece of corn. As he takes a bite, we hear a painful **CRACK**. He rubs his jaw.

BUMBLEBEE MAN

Ai! Que agonía!

ANGLE ON

HOMER, BART & LISA

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

HOMER

(SYMPATHETIC) Oh, he wants that corn so much!

BACK ON TV

Bumblebee Man has now tied his aching tooth to the doorknob. He braces himself and **SLAMS** the door, but the string **SNAPS** the doorknob off, which springs back and **SMACKS** him in the head.

BUMBLEBEE MAN

(RUBBING HEAD SADLY) Ai! Dios no me ama.

Homer, Bart and Lisa **LAUGH** again.

GRAMPA

(HORRIBLY CONFUSED) Huh? I wanna see
what's on the other broadcasts.

Where's the oscillator on this thing?

Grampa gets up and starts roughly turning knobs and pushing
buttons.

BART & LISA

No, Grampa, don't!

The knob comes off in his hand and the picture turns
staticky. He starts shaking and **BANGING** the sides of the
TV.

BART, MARGE, LISA & HOMER

(SIMULTANEOUS WITH GRAMPA) Sit down! /
You're breaking -- / Don't touch that--

GRAMPA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Consarn it! / What's this do? / --make
my adjustments here--

TV (SIMULTANEOUS)

El dentisto es loco! (STATIC) (CRAZY
DENTIST VOICE) Soy Doctor Wap-Wap!

(STATIC) Los frijoles Goya son numero
uno...

Grampa accidentally tips the TV, which **CRASHES** to the
ground. A quiet wisp of smoke puffs out of the broken TV.
There is a chilling silence as the family stares at Grampa
in horrified disbelief.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Grampa stands forlornly at the curb as the Simpson car **PEELS**
away.

BART/LISA/HOMER

Yay!! (BEAT) We're getting a new TV!!

BART

Let's go to the Sharper Image. They've got a TV shaped like a Fifties diner!

LISA

No, let's go to the Nature Company. They've got a TV assembled by Hopi Indians!

MARGE

(MURMUR) We can't afford to shop at any store that has a philosophy. We just need a TV. We're going to go to the outlet mall in Ogdenville.

They pass a series of signs reading: "PAVED ROAD ENDS: 64 MILES," "FORMER JAPANESE INTERNMENT CAMP: 90 MILES," and "OGDENVILLE: 277 MILES".

BART & LISA

(MOAN)

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. OGDENVILLE OUTLET MALL - PARKING LOT - FOUR HOURS LATER

Bart and Lisa, strapped in by seatbelts with their heads bobbing, are sound asleep as the car drives up to the Ogdenville Outlet Mall. The family stumbles out of the car.

EXT. ELECTRONICS OUTLET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer and Bart enter a low-rent electronics outlet with a sign reading "APPLIANCE ZONE -- YOUR GREY-MARKET SUPERSTORE!"

INT. APPLIANCE ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Homer marvels at the selection of shoddy-looking TVs.

HOMER

(EXCITED GASP) Look at these low, low
prices on famous brand name electronics!

BART

Don't be a sap, Dad. These are just
crappy knock-offs.

HOMER

(DISMISSIVE SNORT) I know a genuine
Panaphonics when I see it. And look,
there's Magnetbox and Sorny.

A SALESMAN approaches and puts his arm around Homer.

SALESMAN

(WISE-GUY VOICE) Listen, I'm not going
to lie to you: those are all superior
machines. But if you like to watch your
TV -- and I mean really watch it -- you
want: the Carnivalé. (CARN-I-VAL-AY)
It features: two-pronged wall plug, pre-
molded hand-grip well, durable outer
casing to prevent fall-apart...

EXT. OUTLET MALL - SAME TIME

SCENE 2

We see a clothing outlet where a sign reads: "STEPPIN' OUT
FASHION MART -- 'BROWSE IN OUR BRA BARREL!'"

INT. FASHION MART - CONTINUOUS

Marge and Lisa sift through heaps of factory-second acrylic
slacks, halter tops, and other cheesy items.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) Honey, I don't think
these clothes are us...

LISA

(PUZZLED) Who are they?

The SLACK-JAWED YOKEL immediately appears and gloms on to a fringed, sequined T-shirt with "CLASSY LASSY" emblazoned on it.

SLACK-JAWED YOKEL

Hey, Brandine! You could wear this
shirt to work.

YOKEL'S COMMON-LAW WIFE

Oh, Cletus, you know I gotta wear the
shirt what Dairy Queen give me.

ON MARGE AND LISA

As Marge begins to flip through the hangers on a circular rack of clothes, a bored Lisa slips inside the rack.

LISA (O.S.)

(FROM WITHIN RACK) Hey, Mom! There's
something in here!

Lisa emerges from within the rack holding a stunning Chanel suit (a short skirt and jacket).

MARGE

Oh, it's beautiful. Can it be real
Chanel?

She examines the label. It is. Then she looks at the price tag.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(DISMAYED) 90 dollars?! (SIGHS,
DISAPPOINTED)

LISA

(FLIPS TAG OVER) But it's marked down
from \$2,800!

Lisa pulls out a little card from one of the pockets.

LISA (CONT'D)

(READING CARD) C'mon, Mom. It was
inspected by Princess Caroline!

INT. FASHION MART - DRESSING AREA - TEN MINUTES LATER

Marge steps out of a dressing room and over to a triple bank
of mirrors. The suit fits her perfectly and her radiant
image is reflected throughout the dressing room.

LISA

Oh, you look so sophisticated -- just
like Mary Hart!

MARGE

It fits like a dream, too. But we can't
afford \$90 even if it is a bargain. It
wouldn't be right to buy something just
for me. If it were a suit we could all
wear, maybe, then...

LISA

C'mon, Mom, you never treat yourself to
anything.

MARGE

Oh, sure I do. I treated myself to a
Sanka not three days ago. But this is a
real find.

LISA

Just buy it. You don't have to
rationalize everything.

MARGE

(THINKS FOR A BEAT) Alright, I will buy
it. (RATIONALIZING) It'll be good for
the economy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER

Marge, with garment bag, and Lisa meet Homer and Bart at the
car. Homer unlocks the door and they start to get in.

HOMER

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. All of
you in the back.

Everyone crams into the back as Homer lovingly buckles the
seat belt around the big TV box in the passenger seat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SWEETLY) There you are.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Marge models the suit for Homer.

HOMER

(WHISTLES) You look great.

MARGE

Really? You like it? (HINTING) Oh,
I'd love to wear this someplace special.

HOMER

Spurlock's Cafeteria it is.

MARGE

What about the symphony -- or the theater?

HOMER

(DISMISSIVE SOUND) What's the point of going out? We're just gonna wind up back here anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD OPERA HOUSE - LATER

It's a wonderful opera with elaborate sets, etc. Suddenly static lines appear across the screen. PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The OPERA PLAYS on TV as Marge, wearing the Chanel suit, mechanically VACUUMS the floor.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Marge, still in her Chanel suit, stands on a stepladder, filling a bird-feeder with birdseed. She tries to bat away a number of impatient, hungry birds.

MARGE

Just a minute! Just a minute!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - LATER

Marge emerges from her car carrying a cake and is immediately set upon by a swarm of IMPATIENT, GRABBY OLD PEOPLE (including Grampa).

MARGE

Just a minute! Just a minute!

INT. KWIK-E-MART - STILL LATER THAT DAY

SCENE 3

A Chanel-suited Marge unloads her groceries at the counter. Outside we see a Mercedes Benz station wagon pull up. A WOMAN gets out and begins to look around, confused. (A sign above the gas pump reads "SELF-SERVICE.")

APU

Oh, Mrs. Simpson, you are looking very prosperous today. Might I interest you in some of our impulse items here by the cash register? Perhaps a crazy motorized wiggle pen? Look at the craziness.

He holds up a brightly-colored, spinning, **WHIZZING** pen. During the middle of Apu's speech, the driver of the Mercedes, Evelyn Peters, a stylish and expensively-dressed woman of around Marge's age, has come into the store and stood by impatiently.

EVELYN

Attendant, I'd like some gas.

APU

Yes, I'm sorry, I do not speak English.
Okay.

EVELYN

But you were just talking to --

APU

(PROVING IT) Yes, yes! Hot dog! Hot dog! Yessir, no sir, maybe, okay!

EVELYN

Well, I can't pump it myself. I'm calling Triple-A.

MARGE

I used to be a little overwhelmed, too, but it's not that hard. I can show you.

Marge smiles. Evelyn notices her for the first time.

EVELYN

Marge? Is that you? Marge Bouvier,
from high school?

MARGE

(A BIT TENTATIVE) Hi, Evelyn.

EVELYN

How about that. Marge. You look
wonderful. And to think I heard you
married Homer Simpson.

MARGE

I did marry Homer.

EVELYN

(CHANGING SUBJECT) Come. You must show
me the pumps.

EXT. KWIK-E-MART - GAS PUMPS - A MINUTE LATER

Marge is showing Evelyn how to pump gas.

MARGE

Ninety percent of the time, if the gas
isn't pumping, this is your problem.

She flips up the metal nozzle holder and the pump **HUMS** to
life.

EVELYN

Automotive skills and fashion sense.
Well, you've come a long way from the
girl I knew nothing about in high
school.

MARGE

We ran with different crowds. You had
your debutante balls and skinny-dipping,
and I had my home shoe repair course.

(SELF-CONSCIOUS CHUCKLE)

Marge closes the gas tank and Evelyn starts to get back in
her car.

EVELYN

Oh, my, you haven't changed a bit as far
as I know. Say, why don't you drop by
the country club tomorrow?

As she drives off, she leans out the window.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Oh, and bring the family.

Marge is left standing there, holding the gas nozzle. MR.
BURNS pulls up in an automated hansom carriage wearing an
old-time motoring cap and goggles. He HONKS impatiently at
Marge.

MR. BURNS

You there -- fill it up with petroleum
distillate and re-vulcanize my tyres!
Post haste!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - THE NEXT DAY

The family is getting ready, all in their fancy church
clothes. Marge, wearing her suit, inspects everyone.

MARGE

Bart, comb your hair. Homer, I don't
think you should wear a short-sleeved
shirt with a tie.

HOMER

(WHINY) But Sipowicz does it.

MARGE

If Detective Sipowicz jumped off a cliff, would you do that, too?

Homer **MOANS** and heads back upstairs.

HOMER

I wish I was Sipowicz.

LISA

Do I have to go? That country club is a hotbed of exclusionist snobs and status-seeking social-climbers.

MARGE

I've told you, I don't like you using the word hotbed. Please, Lisa, we so rarely get to do things like this. And everybody -- everybody, please -- be on your best behavior. Bart, no grifting.

REVEAL that Bart is holding an ornately fanned-out deck of cards. It folds up and shoots up his sleeve with a **SPROING**.

BART

(30's GANGSTER VOICE) Aww, raspberries.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FRONT GATE - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons drive up to the imposing wrought iron gates. The sign reads "SPRINGFIELD GLEN COUNTRY CLUB - PROUD HOME OF THE TIPPLING GADABOUT." (There is also a logo of a goose with a golf club wrapped around his neck.) A SECURITY GUARD comes out.

GUARD

Name, please?

HOMER

Simpson family.

The guard starts checking his clipboard. Marge leans across Homer.

MARGE

(TO GUARD) We're not poor.

Marge sits back and the family gives her a "What the hell?" look.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Well, we're not.

GUARD

Go on in. (GESTURING) They're
expecting you at the clubhouse.

The family drives in and looks around in awe at the beautiful manicured grounds and impeccably groomed club members. We hear **HEAVENLY MUSIC**.

SIMPSONS

(SIMULTANEOUS WITH BART) (AD LIB OOOS
AND AHHHHS)

BART (SIMULTANEOUS)

Wow. Livin' large!

MARGE

Everybody keep smiling, and I know we're
gonna fit right in.

WIDEN to reveal they are driving across the golf course. They barrel towards an oblivious KRUSTY, lining up a putt. Krusty looks up.

KRUSTY

Baaaahhhh!

He HURLS his golf club at the car as he dives out of the way.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 4

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MAIN ENTRANCE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The family enters the foyer somewhat tentatively. Homer admires the stuffed animal heads along the walls.

HOMER

(NUDGING BART) Keep your eye on the
moose, boy. When the Bear Jamboree gets
going, he really steals the show.

Evelyn, who is sitting in a nearby tearoom, notices Marge.

EVELYN

(STANDING UP, CALLING) Oh, Marge, you
made it. And you wore that lovely suit.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - TEAROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Evelyn introduces Marge to a GROUP OF NICELY-DRESSED WOMEN seated around a table.

EVELYN

Karen (KAR-RIN), Gillian (GILL-IAN),
Elizabeth (ELYZA-BETH), Patricia (PA-
TREE-SIA), Susan (SOOS-IN), Roberta
(ROWBER-TAH), meet Marge.

Marge is momentarily self-conscious.

WOMEN

(AD LIB GREETINGS)

MARGE

Pleased to meet you. (AWKWARD BEAT) You
look like such a happy bunch... of
people. (WINCES)

DOROTHY PARKER-ISH SOCIALITE

(SIPS FROM A COCKTAIL) That's the trouble with first impressions. You only get to make one.

MARGE

(WEAKLY) Oh, that reminds me of a funny apron I saw...

EVELYN

Uh, you know, Marge, your family doesn't have to stand in the alcove.

WIDEN to reveal the family waiting patiently at the far end of the room, hands clasped awkwardly in front of them.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

They're free to enjoy the club.

The family EXHALES simultaneously as if they've been holding their breath for the last two minutes. They turn to exit.

HOMER

Uh, c'mon, kids, let's go sit in the car 'till your Mom's done fitting in.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, Bart, and Lisa sit stiffly by the pool, watching other (more casually dressed) MEMBERS LAUGH, CHAT, and FROLIC.

HOMER

The car wasn't as fun as I'd hoped.

A CABANA BOY comes over and sets three glasses on the table along with three of those oddly-small bottles of soda.

BART

What's with these tiny sodas? At a place this ritzy, you'd think they'd have enormous drinks, like at the Kwik-E-Mart.

HOMER

You see, boy, the rich just aren't as thirsty as you and me.

Lisa pours her soda. When it's done **FIZZING**, there is no liquid left in the glass. After a beat, she sadly licks the moisture from the inside of the glass.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - TEAROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The women are engaged in a lively conversation. Marge sits by, nervously following.

PATRICIA

Eliza-Beth is right. Why shout yourself hoarse at incompetent salesclerks, when you can get nearly everything mail-order?

EVELYN

Mmm-hmm, I won't eat anything unless it's shipped overnight from Vermont or Washington State.

ROBERTA

We order our steaks through The New Yorker.

DOROTHY PARKER-ISH SOCIALITE

I have a sneaking suspicion that L.L.
Bean and Eddie Bauer are selling me the
same honey. (TOSSES BACK A MARTINI)

Marge hedges for a second, takes a breath, then decides to
jump in.

MARGE

I get food through the mail, but in a
different way. Every month Good
Housekeeping arrives in my mailbox
bursting with recipes. Sometimes the
most satisfying meal is the one you cook
yourself.

The women turn to look at Marge. After a beat...

PATRICIA

Hmmm. That's very true, Marge. One
night Wif and I came home late, and we
decided not to wake Iris, and instead we
microwaved our own soup.

WOMEN

(MURMURS OF INTEREST)

As the conversation picks up, Marge begins to smile, pleased
that she's fitting in.

PATRICIA

Of course it was a horrible mess, but
Iris didn't mind cleaning it up...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - THAT EVENING

The family returns and collapses onto the couch, except for
Marge, who is exhilarated.

MARGE

Didn't everybody have a wonderful time?
I thought it was so opulent -- like the
Playboy Mansion, but non-sexual.

BART

That place is weird. A man in the
bathroom kept handing me towels, 'til I
paid him to stop.

HOMER

You should've held out longer, boy.

Homer holds up a large stack of towels (with the country
club's logo on them).

LISA

The rich are different from you and me.

MARGE

Yes. They're better. (BEAT) Socially
better. And if we fit in, we can be
better too. So today, while the rest of
you were out being different, I did a
very good job of fitting in. So good
that Evelyn gave us a guest pass. They
might even ask us to join!

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Boy, Marge, you must've
really done a number on those rich
suckers.

MARGE

(OBLIVIOUS) Oh, don't thank me. Thank
my beautiful new suit.

Suddenly, with blinding speed, Grampa charges out of the kitchen holding a food-spattered Maggie and heading right for Marge.

GRAMPA

(VERY FAST) Thank-God-you're-home-This-
thing-needs-a-bath-Here-catch!!

MARGE'S P.O.V.

Filthy Maggie comes flying right at Marge's pristine suit.

MARGE

(TRUNCATED SCREAM)

Marge catches her, just millimeters short of the suit. Maggie's jam-covered hands grasp at Marge, just out of reach.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SIGH OF RELIEF)

CLOSE ON Marge's relieved face. A jam-covered HAND FLIES INTO FRAME and plants a filthy hand print on her cheek.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PATIO - THE NEXT DAY

SCENE 5

Bart and Lisa stand in line at a lavish buffet table. Several club members, including KENT BROCKMAN and his family, are also in line. Brockman's DAUGHTER puts a roll on her plate with her fingers as MRS. BROCKMAN looks on critically.

MRS. BROCKMAN

You know, Brittany, it's nicer for
everyone if you use the bread tongs.

BRITTANY BROCKMAN

I don't have to listen to you. You're
not my real mom. My real mom's over
there.

She points to BROCKMAN'S FIRST WIFE, who is standing with
her new family on the other end of the buffet line.

BROCKMAN'S FIRST WIFE

(TO ANOTHER GIRL) Is that how they
taught you to eat at Weight Loss camp?

LISA

(TO BART) I don't know what Mom's
thinking. This whole country club scene
is so decadent...

A HORSE TROTS by in the background. Lisa follows it with
her eyes.

LISA (CONT'D)

(SLOWING) All these - spoiled - brats -
and - their - smug, (THE HORSE IS GONE,
SHE RESUMES HER TIRADE) complacent
parents. It just reinforces...

ANOTHER HORSE goes by. Lisa starts bouncing up and down in
time with the rider.

LISA (CONT'D)

...the unspoken - class - system - of...
horses - sitting - on - their - high...
horses (GIVING UP) I'm sorry. I gotta
go!

Lisa races off in the direction of the stables.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - GAME ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The women sit around a table playing bridge. (ANIMATOR'S NOTE: IN EACH NEW COUNTRY CLUB SCENE, THE WOMEN SHOULD BE WEARING NEW OUTFITS.) Marge, wearing her Chanel suit, is paired with Evelyn. Marge scans the remainder of their cards and her eyes widen.

MARGE'S BRAIN (V.O.)

★★

(SMALL GASP) We've got a winning hand.

We can take the rest of the tricks!

PAN FURTHER UP Marge's hair.

MARGE'S BRAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(WARY) Ooh, you'd better be careful.

The purpose of this game is to make friends. You don't make friends by winning.

PAN EVEN FURTHER UP Marge's hair.

MARGE'S BRAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(POSITIVE, ENCOURAGING) Still, there's nothing more popular than a gracious winner.

PAN STILL FURTHER UP Marge's hair.

MARGE'S BRAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't ask me, I'm just hair. Your head stopped six inches ago.

Marge **MURMURS** in assent and lays down her cards decisively.

MARGE

Queen of Hearts. I believe all the rest are ours.

ROBERTA

Well played! (ASIDE, TO HER PARTNER)
We could have stopped them if you had
changed to a different suit.

DOROTHY PARKER-ISH SOCIALITE

I thought perhaps changing suits had
gone out of fashion... eh, Marge?

The Dorothy Parker-ish Socialite dramatically swigs from a
sifter of brandy. All eyes are on Marge, who **MURMURS** and
blushes, mortified.

EVELYN

(COVERING FOR MARGE) Well, I know when
I have something I adore, I just wear it
out. (INDICATING) Well, I've worn
grandmother's cameo ever since she
passed away. (BEAT) I really should get
a new one.

Off Marge's distressed look we CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY

CLOSE-UP on a golf ball. A hand places another golf ball
next to it. A foot steps on the second golf ball.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Homer swinging the club croquet-style.
It hits his foot with a sickening THUD.

HOMER

(AGONIZED SCREAM)

Then he pulls out a scorecard, is about to write something
down, looks around furtively and writes down something else.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

ARNOLD PALMER (O.S.)

You know, Homer, the traditional way to cheat in golf is to lower your score.

HOMER

(DEFENSIVE) That's one way.

ARNOLD PALMER approaches, looking friendly and extending his hand.

ARNOLD PALMER

(CHUCKLES) I'm the club pro, Arnold Palmer.

HOMER

Arnold Palmer. I've seen you on TV!
"Ooo, ooo, Mr. Kotter, Mr. Kotter!"
Right?

ARNOLD PALMER

No, that was Arnold Horshack. I'm
Arnold Palmer. (BEAT) How 'bout I give
you a few pointers on your game? Now
you don't want to over-think...

HOMER

Not an issue.

ARNOLD PALMER

Keep your head down.

HOMER

(LIFTING HEAD) Huh?

ARNOLD PALMER

Pretend there's no one else here...

Homer scratches his butt with the club and BELCHES.

ARNOLD PALMER (CONT'D)

...and just go at your own pace.

Homer has already HIT the ball -- it's a beautiful 300 yard drive that lands on the green just inches from the cup.

ARNOLD PALMER (CONT'D)

(SURPRISED) Ho-ho! Very impressive!

You're a natural, Mr. Simpson.

HOMER

Really?

ARNOLD PALMER

Uh-huh. All you need is your own set of clubs.

Arnold Palmer snatches the clubs from Homer. We see the golf bag has Palmer's nametag on it.

ARNOLD PALMER (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) And stay the hell out of my locker! (WALKING OFF, DISGUSTED) You can keep the shoes.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer, wearing a golf hat and reading glasses, sits up in bed as he pores over a book called "OUR CADDIES, OUR SELVES." Marge sits at the sewing machine, half her suit hanging on a dress dummy.

HOMER

Marge, did you know that Kennedy and Lincoln had the same handicap?

MARGE

(PINS IN MOUTH) Homer, please. I have to alter this suit so it looks different for tomorrow.

HOMER

(YAWNS) Just throw it in the wash with
the red tablecloth and come to bed,
willya, Marge?

MARGE

(OBLIVIOUS, CUTTING SOMETHING WITH
SCISSORS) Never wear the same dress
twice. Also, never call it "sodie pop".
So many things to remember...

Homer turns out the light and begins to **SNORE**. Marge stays
hunched over in the corner, working by the light of the
sewing machine.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FRONT LAWN - THE NEXT DAY SCENE 6

The women are playing croquet. Marge is wearing her altered
outfit, a pair of Chanel culottes and a vest.

ROBERTA

Love your outfit, Marge. The vest says
"Let's have lunch," but the culottes
say, "You're paying!"

MARGE

Why thank you, Roberta. (ROWBER-TAH)

Marge swings her mallet jauntily and **KNOCKS** her ball through
a wicket. There is an appreciative **MURMUR** from the ladies.
Marge and the others notice Lisa (on horseback) joyfully
jumping equestrian hurdles in the background.

LISA

Mom, look! Guest membership does have
its privileges.

Evelyn turns to Marge.

EVELYN

Marge, your family is fitting in perfectly here. If all goes well at Saturday's ball, I'd love to sponsor you for membership.

MARGE

Oh, that would be a dream come true. I'll be there with bells on!

DOROTHY PARKER-ISH SOCIALITE

Bells? Where exactly will you be attaching them to that mangled Chanel suit?

The Socialite swigs a mint julep. Marge looks stricken. She licks her lips like she's going to say something. Then she does it again and says nothing.

EVELYN

Oh, don't worry, Marge. Her idea of wit is nothing more than an incisive observation humorously phrased and delivered with impeccable timing. I'm sure you'll be a smash at the ball and I just know you'll have a lovely new outfit.

As Marge looks anxious, Lisa cheerfully rides into view and delicately leaps the horse over the croquet wickets.

INT. POWER PLANT - MEN'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Homer has set up a row of golf balls in front of the row of open stall doors. He moves down the line with a 9-iron, chipping each ball into its respective toilet bowl. We hear each hit perfectly with a SPLOOSH. LENNY AND CARL, standing nearby, APPLAUD QUIETLY like golf spectators.

CARL

Hey, that's some mighty fine chippin',
Homer.

LENNY

Yeah. Can ya bank it into the
handicapped stall?

HOMER

(SUPREMELY CONFIDENT) Seat down.

Homer CHIPS the ball off a hot-air dryer (turning it on),
and RICOCHETS it over the stall. Off-screen, we hear it
roll around the seat and drop in with the familiar SPLOOSH.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Burns watches this on the monitors, fascinated.

BURNS

(IMPRESSED) Hmmm. Who is that lavatory
linksman, Smithers?

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, Sir. One of the fork-
and-spoon operators from Sector 7G.

BURNS

Well, he's certainly got a loose waggle.
Perhaps I've finally found a golfer
worthy of a match with Monty Burns, eh?

SMITHERS

Oh, his waggle is no match for yours,
Sir. I've never seen you lose a game...

Smithers gestures to a shelf full of golf trophies and
memorabilia, including a photo of Burns and Bob Hope
together at the 1916 Bob Hope Desert Classic.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

...except for that one in '74 when you
let Richard Nixon win. That was very
kind of you, Sir.

BURNS

Oh, he just looked so forlorn, Smithers,
with his (NIXON IMPRESSION) "Oh, I can't
go to prison, Monty! They'll eat me
alive!"

SMITHERS

(APPRECIATIVE CHUCKLE)

BURNS

Say, I wonder if this Homer Nixon is any
relation?

SMITHERS

Unlikely, Sir. They spell and pronounce
their names differently.

BURNS

Bah. Schedule (SHEDD-ULE) a game and
I'll ask him myself.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Homer, in his loud golf outfit, assembles his clubs, balls,
etc., for the game as Marge works at the sewing machine,
altering her suit. An excited Lisa sits on the bed stroking
her black velvet riding cap.

HOMER

Oh, this game could mean big things for me, Marge. If I beat Mr. Burns, I mean really wallop him bad... I'm sure to get that big raise I've been gunning for.

MARGE

(DISTRACTED) All right, all right, but if you win, don't make a scene and dance around with your "woo-hoos," please. We can't afford a single slip-up. They're judging us.

Homer KISSES Marge and Lisa and exits.

LISA

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Win one for the working man, Dad! (BEAT) Mom, did you like horses when you were my age? 'Cause I heard --

MARGE

(CURT) I don't know. Lisa, tonight is very important. Mommy has to alter her suit so it looks like a totally new one.

Marge continues with her sewing, never looking up.

LISA

(NOT LISTENING) (FAST) Mom, do you want to know the fifteen reasons I like horses better than cars? One: a horse never--

MARGE

I really need to concentrate on this,
Lisa, would you mind--

LISA

(FAST) Well, let me just tell you the
last five reasons. Number ten--

Lisa begins JUMPING up and down on the SQUEAKY bed. We see
Marge grimace horribly with each squeak.

LISA (CONT'D)

You know how a horse goes like this?
Mom? Like this? Mom? (WHINNIES)

MARGE

(OBLIVIOUS) ...I've already altered this
so many times, it's nearly impossible
to...

SQUEAK, BOUNCE, WHINNY, SQUEAK, BOUNCE, WHINNY, ETC. With
each bounce...

LISA

Mom! Mom! Mom! Mom! Mom!

MARGE

(EXPLODES) LISA, PLEASE!!

Lisa jumps off the bed and runs away. After a few more
seconds of sewing, a thoroughly harried Marge holds up the
suit, which she's altered into a cocktail dress. It looks
stylish and totally different from the original.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SMALL SIGH OF RELIEF)

Marge reaches to remove the dress from the machine and
accidentally steps on the pedal. The dress is instantly
SUCKED back into the machine and sewn into a tight ball.

MARGE (CONT'D)

No-No-NO-NO-NOOO!

She frantically yanks the dress free, but it only disintegrates into a mangled pile of thread.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 7

INT. PATTY & SELMA'S CONDO - HALLWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

PATTY and SELMA open the door to reveal a crazed Marge.

MARGE

I need a formal dress for tonight!

PATTY

You've come to the right place.

SELMA

We've got classy duds up the ying-yang.

INT. PATTY & SELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The three stand in front of the mirrored closet doors. Patty swings the door shut to reveal Marge's reflection. She is wearing a metallic red vinyl bustier/cocktail dress. It is several sizes too big for Marge.

SELMA

I call this one "Fantasy in Maroon."

PATTY

It's got some cigarette burns, but we can patch 'em up with Nu-Vinyl.

MARGE

(DIPLOMATICALLY) Mmm, it's a bit peppery for me. Why don't we put this in the "maybe" pile.

SMASH CUT TO:

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

A big pile of wildly inappropriate dresses lies on the bed. WIDEN TO REVEAL Marge, now wearing a tight Lycra dress, with the front and back held together with large metal rings along the sides. She is also wearing chrome hoop earrings and a clear Lucite purse.

SELMA

This was originally a Halloween costume,
but it found its way into my regular
rotation.

MARGE

(WARY) Uh-huh.

Marge looks grim.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - THAT MORNING

Smithers and Burns wait on the first tee as Homer struggles up with his golf bag. Smithers is Burns' caddy and wears shorts and clip-on sunglasses. Burns wears white golf shoes, a club golf cap, and powder blue Sansabelt slacks pulled halfway up his chest.

HOMER

(CHEERY) Good morning, Mr. Burns.

Beautiful day to be outside, isn't it?

BURNS

Rant on, Simpson, but your vainglorious
boasting will only add savor to my
inevitable triumph.

HOMER

(NODDING BLANKLY) Yes.

SMITHERS

Will you stop trying to psych Mr. Burns
out, Simpson, and tee off?!

Homer tees up his ball and swings. The ball sails
beautifully through the air...

HOMER

Woo--

...and lands in a sand trap.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BURNS

Yes. You're in deep "D'oh" now.

Burns licks his finger to test the wind.

SFX: EXCRUCIATING SANDPAPER SOUND

Smithers takes a monogrammed ball from a small, ball-sized wooden case and places it on the tee. Burns swings with exquisite form and his ball rises in a perfect parabola, disappearing into the sun.

SMITHERS

(FLICKING DOWN SUNGLASSES) Perfect as
always, Sir. Right on the green.

Smithers jogs off toward the green.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - GREEN - TWO MINUTES LATER

Burns' ball lies about a foot from the cup. Homer, standing by his ball in the sand trap, tries to decide on a club.

BURNS

Oh, quit cogitating, Steinmetz, and use
an open-faced club! The sand wedge!

HOMER

(DREAMILY) Mmm, open-faced club sand
wedge...

Homer hits the ball up onto the green. Burns taps his own ball into the cup, then Homer follows suit.

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - SIMULTANEOUS

A determined Marge speeds along in the car. She passes a billboard which reads "OGDENVILLE OUTLET MALL - THOUSANDS OF IRREGULAR SALAD BOWLS! - 140 MILES." She checks her watch, then FLOORS the accelerator.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - A LITTLE LATER

A sign reads: "8th Hole. 550 yards. Par 5."

BURNS

(TAUNTING) You're four strokes behind,
Simpson.

Smithers opens the velvet case and sets Burns' ball on the tee. Burns **SWINGS**, and the ball sails out of view, apparently heading for the woods.

HOMER

(PLEASED CHUCKLE)

Smithers follows the ball through his binoculars as it flies into the trees.

SMITHERS

Oh, a cunning stratagem, Sir. It's
curving right toward the green... and...
it's... there.

Smithers runs off toward the green, and Burns ambles slowly after. Homer remains on the tee, thunderstruck and steaming. He starts **BEATING** his club on the ground.

HOMER

(BUILDING TANTRUM) How - can - that -
old - man - hit - SO - FAR?!!

Homer furiously wings his club into the sky.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DRIVING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Arnold Palmer is giving Krusty a lesson.

ARNOLD PALMER

Keep your head down... Ignore all
distractions...

Homer's CLUB FLIES INTO FRAME, knocking Krusty out.

KRUSTY

(PAINED YELL)

Arnold Palmer looks around furtively, then runs away.

EXT. OGDENVILLE OUTLET MALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Marge's car is parked haphazardly on the curb by the Steppin' Out Fashion Mart.

INT. FASHION MART - CONTINUOUS

Marge tears through racks and racks of clothing, flinging items aside with a series of DISMISSIVE GRUNTS.

MARGE

(TO SALESLADY) Miss... Miss! Do you have a Chanel suit or any other high-quality clothes?

SALESLADY

No, ma'am. But we do have a shipment of slightly burnt Sears Activewear coming in this afternoon.

MARGE

That's no good.

She dashes out of the store. The Slack-Jawed Yokel approaches the saleslady.

SLACK-JAWED YOKEL

What time and how burnt?

SCENE 8

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MID-FIFTEENTH HOLE - AN HOUR LATER

It's another very long hole. All we can see of the green, which is obscured by a high bunker, is the top of the marker flag. As Homer lines up his second shot at mid-fairway, Burns hovers about peskily.

BURNS

Cripes, man, can't you ever get to the green in less than two shots? I had a junebug in my eye and still made it with ease. (DABS EYE WITH TISSUE)

Homer shoots perfectly, and his ball sails over the bunker toward the flag. From on the green, we hear a THWAP and:

SMITHERS (O.S.)

(PAINED YELP, THEN SWOONING SOUND)

Burns and Homer rush to the green to see Smithers lying unconscious, sunglasses cracked and a large bump on his head. He is clutching Burns' ball, his hand inches from the hole. Burns prods Smithers with his club.

BURNS

(ANNOYED) Smithers, what are you doing up here?

HOMER

And what are you doing with his ball?

As Smithers sits up, dazed, streams of identical Burns balls roll from hidden locations in his pants and jacket. He desperately tries to conceal them.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And all those other balls?!

SMITHERS

(COVERING) There are no other balls.

Uh, just these, uh, reptile eggs! Ooh, step away, they're endangered!

Homer picks up one of the balls, touches it, and licks his finger like a cop testing drugs.

HOMER

These aren't reptile eggs! You've been cheating! No matter where Mr. Burns hits the ball, you put a fresh one on the green!

Smithers looks up at Burns, ashamed.

BURNS

Cheating for me? Good lord, Smithers, that's patently unnecessary. I'm one of the world's finest golfers! In all the years you've caddied for me, I've never lost a-- (THEN, QUIETLY) Oh.

Burns steps primly behind Smithers. Homer erupts in an obnoxious victory strut.

HOMER

So you're not the best golfer here! Wait'll I tell everyone about this! You stink!

Smithers approaches a still-dancing Homer and puts a hand on his shoulder.

SMITHERS

You know, Homer, Mr. Burns holds a lot of sway at this club. If you would keep quiet about the alleged... decades of cheating, I'm sure he'd support your application for membership tonight.

HOMER

(SWAGGERING AWAY) Bull-honkey! I don't
care about joining this stupid club.

BURNS

(CALLING AFTER, DRAMATICALLY) But does
your wife?

In the foreground, Homer's face falls in realization. He
gives a DEFEATED GROAN and trudges off the course,
obliviously tromping on Krusty's prone body.

KRUSTY

(MOAN) I knew my kind wasn't welcome
here.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - RITZY RETAIL DISTRICT - DUSK

A distraught Marge drives slowly down the street. She
passes the Chanel boutique, with a beautiful formal gown
hanging in the window, and SIGHS. A small sign reads "PAS
DE CHAUSSURES, PAS DE CHEMISE, PAS DE SERVICE." She stops
the car, hesitates, then turns off the ignition.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - THAT NIGHT

Homer, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are all dressed up and waiting
by the door. A slightly hesitant Marge comes down the
stairs wearing the Chanel gown from the boutique window.

HOMER, BART & LISA

(AD LIB OOOS AND AHHHS)

BART

Mom, you are lookin' (SNAPS HIS FINGERS
THREE TIMES IN A 'Z' GESTURE) fab-u-
lous.

LISA

Yeah, you look great! You can do
anything with that sewing machine.

MARGE

(NERVOUS) No, I can't. (TRYING TO HERD
THEM OUT THE DOOR) C'mon, let's go.

LISA

(INTRIGUED) You mean it's a new dress?
Where did you get it?

MARGE

(BEAT) The outlet store.

LISA

Wow, two finds in one store! What are
the odds?

MARGE

(QUICKLY) Call it fate. Let's go...

LISA

How much did it cost?

MARGE

A dollar. Let's go.

LISA

With tax or without?

MARGE

Without. Let me go!

LISA

So with tax, how much was it?

MARGE

(SNAPPING A BIT) Why do you have to
question everything I do?!!

LISA

(AFTER A BEAT, SLIGHTLY HURT) You look
nice, is all.

They head out the door. Off of Lisa's puzzled expression
and Marge's pained reaction we CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - STREET - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The Simpson car approaches the country club gates.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer drives through the gates and heads directly toward the
club.

MARGE

Homer, what are you doing?

HOMER

I'm driving up to the main building.
They've got valet parking tonight.

MARGE

We can't drive this up there. They'll
see the dent. They'll see the coat
hanger antenna. They'll see that "We're
proud our child is an honor student at a
Springfield Public School!" Stop the
car. We're walking.

HOMER

But Marge, valets. For once, maybe
someone will call me "Sir," without
adding "you're making a scene."

Marge yanks the keys out of the ignition.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LAWN - A FEW MINUTES LATER SCENE 9

The Simpsons trudge along the grass toward the main building, which is still a good distance away. Marge holds her dress up and charges ahead.

BART

Slow down, Mom! (FEELING HEAD) I'm sweating off my hair gunk!

MARGE

(CORRECTING) You are perspiring off your mousse... and stop it!

Marge stops, looks around, and spies a golf cart.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LAWN - A FEW SECONDS LATER

The Simpsons are now crammed into the golf cart, which HUMS along as Marge drives.

HOMER

I'm gonna regale everyone with my anecdote. You know, the one I tried to say on the radio? Heh, heh, who's gonna bleep me this time?

BART

(GLEEFUL) I'm gonna pose as an Italian count and get some old lady to leave me all her money. (CHUCKLES)

LISA

I'm gonna ask people if they know their servants' last names, or, in the case of butlers, their first.

MARGE

(LIVID) No, no, no! Not tonight! No
vulgarity, no mischief, no politics.
Just be good.

Homer, Bart and Lisa are stung. They exchange hurt glances,
then hang their heads, a bit ashamed.

BART

I'm sorry, Mom. I'll behave.

LISA

I won't say anything controversial.

HOMER

(SWEETLY) I just won't say anything,
okay, honey?

Marge doesn't respond. Everyone is quiet, except for
Maggie, who **SUCKS ON HER PACIFIER LOUDLY** and obviously.
Marge glares at her. The **SUCKING** stops. For a long,
painful moment, the family rides on, their silence
interrupted only by the **HUM** of the cart.

As they approach the club, Marge suddenly notices the
downcast faces of her family. She **SLAMS** on the brake and
the cart slowly **WHIRS** to a stop.

MARGE

Come here, Maggie.

Marge scoops up Maggie and she starts **SUCKING** again.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(TURNS TO FAMILY) Oh, Homie, I like your in-your-face humanity. I like the way Lisa speaks her mind. (PUTS HER HAND ON LISA'S KNEE) I like Bart's... I like Bart. (BEAT) And I like my old green dress. I've loved it ever since we found it inside that floor-model dryer we bought from Zayre. (SIGHS) I didn't have to spend our savings on this stupid gown.

HOMER, BART & LISA

(AD LIB ASTONISHMENT)

MARGE

Don't worry, I saved the receipt. We'll have a \$3,300 credit at Chanel.

HOMER

(HOPEFUL) They have beer and gum, right?

MARGE

Oh, boy, my desire to fit in with the cool kids... (CATCHES SELF) er, the country club set really changed me. I don't think I want to join.

Homer puts his arm around Marge, as she turns the cart around and heads away from the club.

LISA

(RELIEVED, TO BART) It's okay. Those
snobs never would've made us members
anyway.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - BALLROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Well-dressed club members mill about. A banner reads
"CONGRATULATIONS SIMPSON FAMILY."

EVELYN

Well, I wonder where Marge could be?

DOROTHY PARKER-ISH SOCIALITE

I hope she didn't take my attempt to
destroy her too seriously. (SWIGS A
CHAMPAGNE)

MR. BURNS

Where's Homer? Oh, and to think I spent
all afternoon baking him this cake.

Burns displays a horribly misshapen cake with uneven spidery
frosting that reads "WELCOME HOMER." Smithers samples the
cake and grimaces.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

I pickled the figs myself.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - THAT NIGHT

The Simpsons, still in their nice clothes, are at the
windmill hole. Homer stands behind Marge, showing her how
to putt.

MARGE

(LAUGHING) This is the most fun I've
had in a long time.

She swings. The ball RICOCHETS off one of the windmill blades and flies into the parking lot. She looks up hopefully. Homer signals to the kids, who are standing by the cup. Bart surreptitiously drops a new ball next to the cup (a la Smithers.)

BART

Great shot, Mom! Right on the green.

MARGE

(EXCITED) Woo-hoo!

FADE OUT:

THE END